

THE FINDING.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The young man went up the stairs at a brisk pace. He paused a moment at a door on which was the sign "Employment office." Then he turned the knob and entered.

It was a large, clean room with a row of benches against a side wall, and on these benches a number of women and girls were sitting. On a bench at the other side of the room a half dozen men patiently waited.

The young man glanced around as he entered, and the persons on the benches looked up quickly and continued to stare at him.

He crossed the room to a high desk in a corner by one of the big windows.

A stout man was standing by the desk making entries in a book. He looked up and suddenly smiled and put out his big hand.

"Vy, Misder Greer!" he said. "Sooch a pleasure! Here, sit down, please. How is father?"

"Father is quite well," replied the smiling young man. "How are you and how is Mrs. Zinner?"

"I am fine and Mrs. Zinner is werry crately improved," replied the stout man. "De rheumatism is less pooty much out of her sydsma. You remember how helpless she was? Well, she is actually down town at de werry moment doing some Christmasings."

"Good," said the young man. "Give her my best regards." He looked across at the waiting men on the bench. "Has Hollinger been here this morning?"

The proprietor shook his head. "No," he replied. "I haven't seen Chimmie for a long time. In some troubles again, eh?"

"Yes. He took the car out last night and got into difficulties up to the avenue. I warned him what would happen if he went on another joy ride."

"Then he is discharged?"

"Yes."

"De poy is crazy to lose such a goot place. I am de most sorry for his poor old mother. Chimmie takes care of her, you know, and she is quite blind. Und it will be hard for Chimmie to get anoder goot place ven he can't haf no recommendation-ings from you. It is too bad."

The young man stirred uneasily. "Do you think he will come to you?" he asked.

"Sure he vill. I haf known him always since he was a shmall poy. He vill come straight here."

"When he comes, Zinner," said the young man, "tell him I'd like to have another talk with him."

"Fine!" cried the stout man. "Dot means you vill gif him anoder trial." He put out his hand. "You ton't change at all mit de years, Misder Greer—and I couldn't say nothing finer."

"Thank you," laughed the young man. "By the way, my sister is here."

The broad face beamed with pleasure. "Fine!" its owner cried again. "Mrs. Zinner vill be so pleased. Vill your sister stay long?"

"About a month. My brother-in-law and the boy have gone with my father to Los Angeles, so that Lillian and I will spend our Christmas quietly together."

"Ain't dot nice!" said the stout man, heartily. "By chings Misder Greer, it is werry pleasant to haf you come in here recalling old times. I never vorked in sooch a goot place as your family—and Maria thinks eggsackly de same. Vat is de name of your sister's little poy?"

"They call him Dunham."

"Fine again!" cried the stout man. "I hope he is like de odder Dunham. Chimmie, but I would like to see him and your sister!"

The young man laughed. "The next time Lillian and I come this way, old friend, we will climb your stairs."

The stout man gave a little gasp. "Vill you? Such a habbinis! Blessa ton't forget it."

"I'll keep it in mind," laughed the young man. He looked around the room. Then he lowered his voice. "It's a pity," he said, "that so many people are out of work just at this time of year."

"It ain't near so many as usual," the stout man replied. "Dere is always a erise falling off in Christmas week. Some of dese beoples are waiting to be called for. Dere are not more den half a dozen new ablicants." He paused and touched his caller's arm. "Do you see de young girl at de end of de bench oder dere? De vun dot is looking down?"

"Yes," the young man replied. "It's a pooty sad case," said the stout man. "She seems like a werry nice girl, vell educated and mit goot clothes and nice manners. She has run away from home and come to de city, and now her money is almost all gone and she is trying to find something to do, something dot vill keep her off de streets. Dere is a goot home waiting for de girl someveres, no doubt, but she is too proud to ask to be taken back. Und she can't do nothing to earn some moneys. She hasn't been taught to be useful, and it isn't easy to find a place for her. Und you see she is such too pretty. I'm sorry for poor girl."

The young man nodded. "Will you let me talk to her?" he asked.

The stout man quickly cro-

room and spoke to the girl. She followed him back to the desk and stood there facing the young man.

She was a girl of eighteen perhaps, a pretty girl whose prettiness was marred by her inflamed eyes—red with crying. But she looked at the young man bravely, although her lip quivered.

"I understand," he said, "that you are looking for employment?"

The girl bent her head. "You are a stranger in the city?"

"Yes."

"And have no references?"

"No."

"What is your name?"

"Clara Druce."

The young man paused and glanced at the proprietor.

"Where no references are offered it is only fair that the applicant for employment should give the address of the father or guardian."

The girl drew back. "I would rather not do that," she murmured.

The proprietor hastily spoke up. "De gentleman is right, right," he said. "It is a customary formality."

The girl hesitated.

"There are reasons why I would prefer not to tell," she murmured.

"Of course dese reasons have no interest to me," the young man persisted. "I do not ask you to reveal them. I simply request you to carry out what Mr. Zinner here calls a customary formality."

The tears stood in the girl's eyes. "My father is Richard Druce of Weybourne," she answered in a low voice.

"Of Weybourne in this state?"

"Yes."

The young man arose. "Excuse me a moment while I call up the party to whom I expect to send you," he said and crossed the room to the telephone cabinet.

"I want to say to you chust now," remarked the proprietor to the girl, "dot you are in crate goot luck if you get into de household in vich dis young man is interested. I know vot I am talking about, because I woked dere sefen years—and so dit my life. You are going to be werry safe ven you get in dere."

The young man came back. He nodded pleasantly.

"It is all right," he said. "The lady I represent in this matter is my sister. Here is a card with the address. And here is car fare. Do you think you can find the place?"

The girl quickly glanced at the card.

"Oh, yes, yes," she murmured. "Thank you, thank you."

The young man smilingly nodded. "And your belongings, your baggage? Where can I send for that?"

"I have no baggage," she answered. "I had to sell it."

"Better go to the house at once," said the young man. "My sister expects you. Goodby Zinner. Don't forget to give my regards to Maria. A merry Christmas to you both."

As he turned away a tall young man entered the door.

They faced each other.

"Hollinger," said Dunham Greer gravely. "I have left a message for you with our friend Zinner and he has something else to say to you."

The face of the tall young man suddenly flushed.

"Thank you, sir," he stammered. Late that afternoon Dunham Greer sent a telegram to Richard Druce at Weybourne. This was the message:

"Clara has been found and is in safe hands. Take train reaching Grand Central at 1 o'clock. You will be met."

He whistled lightly as he gave this message to the clerk and the latter looked up with a quick smile.

"You seem to be getting in tune for Christmas all right," he said. Dunham laughed.

"You have discovered my secret," he answered. "The same to you." And he went away whistling louder.

The heavy up state express rolled into the great station. The hurrying passengers alighted and quickly passed into the noisy street. One of them moved more slowly than the others. Presently he halted and looked around anxiously.

He was a dignified and serious man inclined to stoutness, and his hair and mustache were white.

Then a young man came toward him.

"Pardon me," said the young man. "I am here to meet Mr. Richard Druce."

"Judge Richard Druce," said the stranger. "He threw a troubled and suspicious glare at the young man."

"I received a telegram," he began. "Signed by Dunham Greer," interrupted the young man. "I am the sender."

The stranger's face flushed. His lips trembled.

"Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

"I am here to take you to her," replied Dunham. "This way."

The stranger followed. An enclosed automobile was drawn up at the curb. Dunham Greer opened the door for the stout man.

"Take twenty minutes to reach home, Hollinger," he said to the chauffeur.

The stranger turned to Dunham almost fiercely.

"Is my daughter well?"

"Yes."

"Why—why wasn't she here to meet me?"

"She doesn't know that you are coming."

Source of Her Cold. As papa didn't come home for lunch, mamma and little Katherine always ate a cold repeat, which Katherine didn't like. One morning the little girl woke up with a very hoarse voice.

"Where could you have caught that cold, dear?" asked mamma. "I think it was from eating that cold meat yesterday, mamma."

"When the bunny's out of hock" hasn't yet been made into a song, but it could be!

Business stationery—Dispatch office

The stranger gave a little start. "Didn't she send for me?"

"No."

The man shrank back at Dunham's reply.

"Perhaps," he hoarsely murmured, "she is ashamed to face me?"

"No," Dunham answered. "She has no reason to feel ashamed. But she is proud—foolishly proud. Perhaps you know where she secured this trait. She has been poor and for a time she was friendless, but she has had no thought of asking your help."

There was a brief silence.

"This is a bitter thing that you tell me," said the old man slowly. "How can I ever forgive her for the pain she has caused me—for the disgrace she has brought to our honored name?"

"Wait," said the young man. "Disgrace is a harsh term. She left her home, it is true, but that scarcely deserves to be called a disgraceful action."

The stranger straightened up. "Do you presume to instruct me?" he demanded.

"Do you desire to see your daughter?" Dunham asked.

"Yes, yes."

The harsh voice softened, the proud head drooped.

"I have something to say to you," the younger man remarked. "I ask you to listen quietly. My sister has heard what your daughter has to tell. My sister, I think, is the only woman who has spoken kindly to her since she left home."

"Go on," said the old man.

"My sister told me what your daughter said. Will you hear it?"

"Go on," said the old man.

"She is a proud young girl and you often hurt her feelings by treating her as you would a child. In your effort to keep her safe and uncontaminated you were too strict with her. You drove away the young people of her age. You restricted her hours of leisure. You restricted her reading, you failed to appreciate the fact that she is a woman grown and that she would naturally regard your well meant care as unjust and intolerant. She is proud and she rebelled. You curtailed her most innocent pleasures and when she asked you 'Why?' you silenced her with a harsh reproof. A woman would have understood the girl, but she is motherless."

He paused and looked around at the old man.

"Go on."

"Finally there was a violent scene—she denounced your tyranny and you said things to your only child that you should always regret. And then she determined to go away. When she went out of your door she had made up her mind never to return—never to ask your help. It was a foolish pride, of course, but her heart was very bitter. Well, she came to the big city confident she could win a living. But the little money she had—money given her by her dead mother—melted away and she even had to sell her simple belongings and was very, very poor."

The old man softly groaned.

"And then she came to my sister. He paused a moment. "Of course I know that she is not the only one who has suffered. I can imagine her hurt sitting in his lonely home, hurt in his pride, wounded in his love, stunned and grieved, listening vainly for the light step he had learned to know so well. And it must have been much harder when Christmas time approached, the blessed Christmas time, and the child, his only child—the child that had been left him as a sacred trust by the wife of his youth—was not there with dancing feet and laughing eyes to give to the dull old house the quickening spirit of the day."

The old man had been sitting very still. Now he made a restless movement.

"Don't," he murmured brokenly. "There was a brief silence."

"If there could be a new understanding between this proud father and this proud girl," the young man went on more quickly, "all might be well with them. It would mean an exchange of sympathy and tolerance for love and confidence—and that looks to me like a very fair transaction."

The old man glared at him.

"Boy," he hoarsely cried, "can't you see that I am hungering for a sight of my child. Where is she?"

"Here," Dunham answered as the car drew to the curb.

He took the old man's arm as they went up the great stone steps.

A servant opened the door and took their hats and coats. Dunham drew the old man into the parlor.

And then the inner door opened, and two ladies came into the room—and one was Dunham's sister and one was the old man's daughter. They were like an older and younger sister, both garbed in white, and the face of the girl was beautiful with new found happiness.

For a moment they stood there and then the old man suddenly held out his arms.

Clara softly said, "Clara."

There was a nothing new and strange in his voice, a big, her heart beat fast.

"Clara."

She sprang forward.

"Father!"

Her loving arms were against his sunny face was pressed against his breast.

Dunham Greer lightly crossed the room to his sister and nodded, and smiled.

Get Close to Nature. Says a philosopher: "Observe nature. When you come to a barnyard go in and see the pigs and cows and the cows. Climb a fence now and then and go into the fields and look at the crops or the cattle. I know of no place where there is more philosophy than in a barnyard. You can learn much from animals. Within their circle they know much more than we do."

Where are the weeps of the yesterday? The sun has smiled them all away!

Big Salary Explained. "And how is your excellent son, the vinity student? He graduated from theological academy about a year ago, didn't he?" "Yes, just a year ago."

"And he's doing so well! They pay him a wonderfully large salary, don't they?" "Yes, he's to get more."

"In and near it's very unusual. Perhaps deed! The vellent delivery that nets it is his salary."

"Yes, him the big pitcher in that's it. He's one of the big pitchers in the big league."

Dealer.

Counted All He Had. Miss Snyder, a teacher in one of the schools of the suburbs, was trying hard to make William Jackson understand how to add.

"Now, William, if I gave you four pennies and your mother gave you one, how many would you have?"

"Six," replied the youngster.

"No, William, not six."

"Yes'm, six."

"No, William, how do you make it six?"

"Cause I has one penny in my pocket."

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

She laid her arm lovingly across his shoulders.

"And now," she said, "if our guests are quite ready the Christmas feast will be served."

THE VISIT OF THE CHRIST CHILD.

(A Legend of the Black Forest by Ida Cole.)

Father is late tonight," said Gretel, wistfully, as she stood by the small window, peering forth into the night.

Little Philip crept to her side, standing tiptoe to peep out.

"Schwanni! Schwanni!" he whispered, pointing chubby a chubby finger up at the large snow flakes drifting against his sister's face.

"Yes, they are the fairy swans," said the sister. Then she closed the wooden shutter and gathered the wee boy to her motherly heart. She was but 12 years of age, and her form was already stooping with toil; still, there was not a happier heart in the Black Forest than that of Gretel, the foster mother to five little brothers and a little sister. The mother of the brood had died last Easter tide. The father chopped wood and carted it to the castle. And it was no secret that the little family in the wood chop-

per's cottage was hungry most of the time. Gretel looked into the pot that was bubbling on the fire. Although it was Christmas eve, the meal would be the same. She wished, oh, how she wished, that they might have something sweet for the children that night. Then she thought of the rose that had bloomed just without the door last year; a few roses would look so nice in the center of the supper table, but the severe weather had nipped the buds and the leaves were brown. She washed Philip's face until it shone.

"Those has roses, Hebster," she whispered, and smiled cheerily again.

The door burst open and in dashed the brothers, the little sister and the father.

"Holla! I'm hungry as a wolf!" cried Carl.

"I've a fine green branch for thee, sister Gretel," said Rudolph.

"It's Christmas Eve!" whined Peter. "As if Gretel does not know," broke in Minna, kissing her sister. She divined what was in Gretel's mind.

Ludwig lifted his father's ax and placed it in the corner of the room. He was already sharing some of the labor and bore himself with an air of superiority in the home.

The father was unusually silent. He took his place at the head of the table and the boys scrambled for theirs on the long bench that ran along the wall. Minna took little Philip on her lap. How hungry were the eyes of the boys, poor fellows!

"Eat slowly," said the father, wishing to stretch the meal as far as possible. "It's bad for the stomach to eat hastily." Then he felt to tell some old tales to divert their minds from their sharp appetites.

"And the cunning dwarf, what happened to him?" asked Philip, breathlessly, when the story came to an end.

At the same moment the latch was lifted and a child entered. He was about Philip's age, and the thin clothes were in tatters.

"I seek a night's shelter and food," he said very sweetly.

Gretel rose and placed the boy on her stool. A bowl was set before the little guest.

Alas, there was naught in the pot! Gretel looked at the boys, and they, poor fellows, broke their bread and shared it with the stranger. Then the milk was shared, and the child ate daintily. The meal over, the boy arose, and as he stood before them his shabby garments changed to silvery white, and a halo shone around his curly head.

"I thank ye for the good will and generosity," he said, and his smile was full of divine love. Then he vanished like a vision.

"The Christ Child! The Christ Child!" cried the children, clasping their hands. "It is the Holy Child! Christmas Day was cold and clear. The father proposed that all of the children, even Philip, should go to church. When they opened the door they were astonished to see, blooming beside the doorstone, a bush with beautiful flowers, white as the snow itself, and dark green foliage. It grew on the spot where the child had stood when he lifted the latch the night before. The father gathered some of the flowers and placed them in the cracked jug, and the children tended them faithfully, giving fresh water to the flowers, and they lasted the winter through. But the bush by the doorstone flourished for many years after."

This flower was the chrysanthemum which you all know so well. An in the region of the Black Forest, Germany, every family, rich or poor alike, have a plenty of the snow-white chrysanthemums, which they nurture with great care, in remembrance of the Christ child who visited the poor family so many, many years ago.

Counted All He Had.

Miss Snyder, a teacher in one of the schools of the suburbs, was trying hard to make William Jackson understand how to add.

"Now, William, if I gave you four pennies and your mother gave you one, how many would you have?"

"Six," replied the youngster.

"No, William, not six."

"Yes'm, six."

"No, William, how do you make it six?"

"Cause I has one penny in my pocket."

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Try the Dispatch.

Youngstown's Christmas Headquarters

McKelvey's
"THE BIG STORE"

Tailor-made Suits for Less Than Half Price

This Week's Economies in the Wearing Apparel Salons

\$30.00 to \$35.00 Suits at \$15.00

We do not believe that you could find an equal value outside of this store.